

See "PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS," by Cleveland Moffett, and "THE DELUSION OF THE DEBTORS," by Professor W. G. Sumner, in this issue.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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## OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—XIV.



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THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

THE VAIN ATTEMPT OF THE POPOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE TO KILL THE BIRD THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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"It is not an increase in the volume of money which is the need of the time, but an increase in the volume of business. Not an increase of coin, but an increase of confidence. Not more coinage, but a more active use of the money coined. Not open mints for the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, but open mills for the full and unrestricted labor of American workmen."—MAJOR MCKINLEY.

## The Indianapolis Convention.

No event in our American politics since the conclusion of the Civil War has been more significant than the recent convention of sound-money Democrats held at Indianapolis. As an impressive and magnificent protest against party degeneracy and inconsistency there has been, indeed, nothing like it for many years. The men who participated in this convention have been conspicuous in the history of their party; many of them have occupied important and responsible public places, and it is fair to say that in all the States represented the acting delegates have been more or less determining factors in the local party policy. The character and respectability of the Democratic party were represented in this Indianapolis convention to an infinitely larger extent than they were represented at St. Louis. All the proceedings were marked by earnestness of purpose and a due sense of responsibility. There was nothing of the sectional spirit, and none of the appeals to passion and prejudice which characterized the motley St. Louis convention.

When we remember how difficult it is for the average partisan to break away from his normal political relationships and take positive ground against the policy and action of the party with which his whole life has been identified, it is easy to appreciate the importance and value of this protest. The men who make it and those for whom they stand in the country at large are governed only by considerations of patriotism and of conscientious devotion to policies which they believe to be for the best public interests. Mr. Bryan, indeed, has denounced them as governed by avarice, as members of "heartless syndicates," and as money-grabbers. But it would be difficult for him or for any of his followers to indicate a single prominent participator in the Indianapolis convention who does not compare favorably in point of personal disinterestedness with the leading champions of the St. Louis ticket. Certainly, there was no one of prominence in that convention whose fidelity to the principles of the Democratic party has ever heretofore been questioned.

The effect of this impressive demonstration cannot be doubtful. While there may have been a question as to the wisdom of the nomination of a third ticket, there can be no doubt at all, from a Democratic standpoint, as to the wisdom of an organized protest against the surrender of the party to Populists and anarchists. It was vital to the preservation of that party as an active potential force that the attempt to betray it should be rebuked, and the standard which has been dragged in the mire should be lifted again and a trumpet blown summoning all who stand true to the faith to rally for its defense. The candidates to whom that standard has been committed are in every respect worthy of the high distinction conferred upon them. General Palmer and Simon B. Buckner represent the best impulses of the real Democratic party. Besides, their nomination is a striking pledge of the absolute disappearance of the old sectional lines in our politics.

However the loyal-hearted men who composed this convention may be to-day denounced and scourged by those who cannot appreciate fidelity to conscience and principle, it is not by any means improbable that the stone which the builders rejected will become the head of the corner; that the Democratic party of the future will owe whatever of virility and character it may possess to the vigorous action taken at Indianapolis.

## The Opportunity of the South.

ONE of the most gratifying indications of the present campaign is that afforded by the revolt of many influential Democrats in Alabama and other Southern States against the platform and ticket adopted at Chicago. There seems, indeed, to be in every Southern State a more or less pronounced awakening of patriotic purpose along the lines of the maintenance of sound money and the preservation of the national honor. In Alabama, in spite of vituperation and threatened ostracism, a large number of sound-money Democrats have met in convention and declared their purpose to maintain the time-honored principles of Democracy against the invasion of the Populists and anarchists who have seized upon the party organization. By way of demonstrating their determination to assert themselves in a positive way, these Democrats have nomi-

inated candidates for Congress in several important districts. In one or two other districts it is said that they will combine with the Republicans in favor of the candidates named by the latter. In Virginia, Florida, and other States like exhibitions have been given of resolute and pronounced opposition to the Chicago ticket on the part of life-long Democrats.

We have said that this is one of the really gratifying facts of the canvass. This statement, we fancy, will not be disputed by any one who remembers the attitude which the South has held in all our recent campaigns as to all the issues involved in them. The Democratic party in these States has been practically solid in support of the party policy and candidates, and every attempt to break these solid lines has failed. This solidity, of course, has been largely due to the prevalent apprehension concerning negro domination, and to a conviction that a division of the Democratic strength might open the way for the supremacy in some sense of this obnoxious element. This ground of apprehension no longer exists. Whether rightly or wrongly, this issue has been practically settled by the logic of events. The negro is no longer, even in the eyes of Southern men, a serious menace to the social order, or to the domination of the intelligent and substantial citizens. No one is any longer startled by the spectre of a Force bill, or by the distempered dreams of an invasion of Federal bayonets for the establishment of negro rule. The fact that this question has been eliminated is admitted even by the New York *Sun*, which has, in season and out of season, clung to it as a sort of scarecrow to hold doubtful Democrats to their party allegiance.

This issue out of the way, it is inevitable that the solidity which has heretofore obtained among Southern men should be broken, and that with the development of new interests, industrial and otherwise, and the introduction of new ideas, there should come a re-formation of party lines. The sentiment in favor of protection is growing in many localities, as the natural result of the establishment of new industries which need the encouragement of friendly legislation. With the enlargement of business enterprise and the steady growth of prosperity, all thoughtful men are coming to see more and more the necessity of the maintenance of sound monetary standards. The fact is that no section of the country is more largely interested in the triumph of the sound-money policy than the South. A realization of this fact has led to the uprising to which we have already referred. Southern men, not alone on the score of self-interest, but out of their loyal fidelity to sound policy and to the highest welfare of the nation, are rising superior to mere partisan obligations, holding them to be unworthy of regard in the presence of a crisis like that which now confronts us.

The significance of this uprising lies in the fact that it may easily turn out that the votes of Southern men will, in the Electoral College, determine the outcome of the coming contest. While it is not probable, it is entirely possible, that some of the central Western States which have heretofore been counted upon as Republican will in this canvass pass under Populistic control. It may be that, in this condition, the votes of States like Kentucky, Alabama, Maryland, West Virginia, and Virginia will be needed to elect the Republican candidates. If that should be the case, then it will prove literally true that the South, which thirty odd years ago sought to destroy the nation, has been, in the most critical juncture that has since arisen, its savior and deliverer. We believe that there are thousands of Southern men who are contemplating the present crisis in a full recognition of this possibility, and with a sincere determination to contribute to the right result at whatever hazard of partisan abuse or ostracism. The North has already forgotten, in the swift and tumultuous march of years and in the rapid movement of events, the great and ghastly struggle of thirty years ago, and has long ago ceased to cherish animosity or resentment toward those who then lifted their hands against the flag and what it stood for. If it should come to pass that in this struggle the South or any of its States should contribute decisively and definitely to a sound and right conclusion, in the election of the men who stand for sound money and good government and the right of the nation to maintain its supremacy and suppress all sedition, then this sense of brotherly concord will be accentuated beyond expression, and the raveled threads of our national life will be knit together so firmly and securely that no hostile hand can ever again break them asunder.

## Li Hung Chang's Questions.



LI HUNG CHANG.

played a spirit of investigation and inquiry which, while eminently characteristic of the Chinese, will not be regarded,

by very many reticent folk, as "good form." One of his stock questions was "How old are you?" and another, "How much are you worth?" and another, "What is your salary?" So far as we have observed, the gentlemen who came into official relations with him were able to answer these questions with a tolerable degree of equanimity, although we notice that two or three of them grew red in the face, and dodged a reply to the particular question as to their financial condition. We can name a dozen or so of distinguished politicians who would have found it very inconvenient to answer these questions, for instance: "How much are you worth?" and "How did you make it?"

After all, we do not know but that the viceroy's method has its advantages in enabling him to "size up" the persons with whom he comes into personal contact. Given a knowledge of a man's financial value in a business way, or in an executive capacity, it is not altogether difficult to determine his personal ability and commercial status. In the business world a knowledge of his accumulations is in most cases another element in assisting to a conclusion as to his real capacity. In political life, however, this would scarcely be a safe standard of measurement. For the most part, those of our politicians who have acquired large bank accounts might find it unpleasant to explain satisfactorily the means by which they have done so, and a knowledge of the methods thus employed would scarcely enable Li Hung Chang, or any one else, to determine accurately the precise personal or business worth of the persons affected by the inquiry.

## The Vermont Verdict.

THE recent Vermont election affords a most gratifying evidence of the fallacy of one of the principal contentions of the free-silver party—namely, that our agricultural communities are overwhelmingly in sympathy with their policy and principles. Vermont is essentially an agricultural State. If there is any commonwealth in the East which could be seriously affected by the appeals which the Bryanites are making to that element of our population, it is that. The returns, however, show heavy Republican gains in every farming community, the aggregate majority, as a result of these gains, reaching nearly forty thousand, being over ten thousand in excess of the highest majority ever attained in the State. Very many Democrats voted the Republican ticket outright, while others refrained altogether from voting. The fidelity of these Democrats to the time-honored principles of their party must not be lost sight of in the elation over the result.

But while the result is most gratifying, it must be borne in mind that Vermont is not altogether typical of the central Western States, where the population is preponderantly agricultural. In these States the free-silver propaganda has been actively prosecuted for years, and it is undoubtedly true that many farmers have been captured by it. Short crops, low prices, and hard times have produced a feeling of discontent, which has been stimulated rather than allayed by the adroit appeals of free-silver orators and the dissemination of free-silver literature, and as a result a larger proportion of farmers in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan than in other parts of the Union may possibly give their support to Bryan and Sewall. The result in Vermont, however, shows very conclusively that the free-silver campaign has not had that wholesale effect in farming communities which has been claimed for it, and it will probably turn out that the percentage of farmers in the country at large who are carried away by it will not reach anything like the proportion expected by the Bryan arithmeticians.

"What we want above all else is confidence, and we can't get confidence by threatening to revolutionize all values and repudiate obligations, public and private. . . . Good money never made times hard, and poor money never made times good."—MAJOR MCKINLEY.

## The Elective Method of Debt-paying.

MR. BRYAN, in his Madison Square speech, maintained that the debtor should have the right to choose the coin in which he shall pay his debts, and that the option should remain with the debtor rather than with the creditor.

It was once a matter of popular belief that a man is a debtor because he owes something. But this, it seems, is largely a vulgar delusion. Under the new economic régime it is recognized, to be sure, that there is some kind of vague relation existing between the debtor and the creditor, but that the debtor can at any time terminate this relation in the manner that is most agreeable to himself. It was the old-fashioned idea that a debt must be paid to the uttermost farthing in money that was just as good as the money under which the debt was contracted. This is the strenuous and inconvenient way in which awkwardly conscientious men have hitherto met their obligations. But Mr. Bryan has edited the Ten Commandments and revised the Golden Rule according to advanced Populistic notions. "Pay your debts," he virtually says, "in money of your own selection. Pay no attention to the impatient demands of your creditor; he has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Ignore his noisy clack and clamor; give him the money that suits your convenience, and let him hush."

This kind of political economy is going to make life



much easier for all of us who never earn anything and who get a living by borrowing. The mortgages on our houses and farms, our outstanding promissory notes, our scattered promises to pay, need not now cause the worry and insomnia they once did. We can choose some kind of money that is easy to get, pick up any kind of currency that is plenty because it is worthless, and pay our various creditors in a way that suits ourselves, whether they like it or not.

Payment is, in a sense, the punishment that is exacted for debt; and it is a punishment that from time immemorial has not been entirely palatable to the debtor. But if the debtor can choose his own kind of punishment its terrors, no doubt, will be greatly minimized. We all remember the story of the Irishman who was sentenced to be hung, but who was allowed to choose the kind of tree on which the hanging should take place. He at once chose a gooseberry-bush, and expressed his complete willingness to wait for it to grow large enough to bear his weight. No doubt this request seemed somewhat audacious at the time; but we can now see that this Irishman was simply in advance of his age, and that his conduct was in entire harmony with the modern economic principle that the debtor shall pay his debt in any way he chooses, and in a manner most convenient to himself.

If payment is the punishment for debt, and the debtor is to be allowed to choose his own kind of punishment, why should not all punishments be made elective in the same way? This would be a sweet boon to our hard-working criminal classes, who, hitherto, under the old, heartless, compulsory system, have had a hard time of it. Let the house-breaker choose his own penitentiary; and if he chooses a house on Fifth Avenue for his prison, and the very house he broke into, it will be no more than he is entitled to in his natural right as a debtor to justice. We need no mikado to adjust these matters, but let each malefactor make his own punishment to fit his own crime. In this way the mill of justice will grind automatically, and we can abolish the expensive and superfluous machinery of courts and trial by jury, and let every man be his own judge and his own jury, and impose his own punishment and execute his own sentence himself. This self-operating machinery will save work and expense, and will be greatly appreciated by our enterprising criminals who have hitherto been hampered and persecuted by a society that arrogated to itself the right to impose punishments upon crimes which it never committed.

So it can be seen that Mr. Bryan's theory that every debtor should choose his own money with which to pay his debts is capable of a very comprehensive application. If such economic principles should be carried out to their logical conclusion throughout the universe they would bring about a time when the way of the transgressor would be easy; a time when a man could sow the wind and reap nothing but a gentle summer zephyr, and the wages of sin would be eternal life. Is the time ripe for such a comprehensive revolution?

*"Exalt the character of your labor. Never degrade it. Promote that comfort and contentment at home which conduce to good citizenship, good morals, and good order. Keep the credit of the government untarnished above all else. Keep the currency up to the highest standard of civilized nations. No nation of the world must have better money than we have."*—MAJOR MCKINLEY.

### Overdone Anxiety for the People.

If Mr. Bryan were less of a demagogue than he is showing himself to be, his expressions of solicitude for the suffering and outraged people might awaken some degree of sympathy. The fact is, however, that he is overdoing the matter in his lachrymose exhibitions of anxiety for the so-called "masses." He loses no opportunity to impress upon the voters who listen to him that their rights and liberties are in danger, and that nothing but the utmost vigilance will assure their safety. In his speeches to the farmers of the Hudson River neighborhoods recently visited by him he was continually "begging" his hearers to remember that each man has the right to express his own view—as if this fact were disputed by anybody or any party. At Rhinebeck, where the people turned out to listen to his twaddle, he said: "I pray you not to forget that the ballot was not given in order that one man should vote for many, or that one man should appeal to others to vote with him, or purchase their votes." And then he went on to "beg" that there might be a general co-operation among thinking people to stop the "conspiracy of those who would make gold the only standard of value."

Now, Mr. Bryan knows perfectly well that there is no "conspiracy" anywhere against the rights of the people or in the interests of any monetary standard—that the standard which his opponents favor is that which has been justified by the experience of centuries and is maintained among all civilized and enlightened nations. He knows, or ought to know, that when he tries to awaken distrust among the people, and to array class against class, he is pursuing a policy which is full of menace to the social order. It is the very wildest nonsense for him, or for any other man, to assume that the prosperity of the people and the perpetuation of good government depend upon the adoption of the policy of free and unlimited silver coinage. That policy would

result inevitably in a debasement of our currency and tend to national repudiation. He pays the audiences whom he addresses a poor compliment when he imposes upon them

## THE DELUSION OF THE DEBTORS.

FIFTY years ago a political agitation was started for the annexation of Texas. As the enterprise appeared like a barefaced piece of land-grabbing, it was necessary to invent some historical, political, and moral theories which would give it another color. One such theory was that Texas had properly belonged to us, but that it was given away by Monroe and Adams in 1819. Therefore the project was presented as one for the re-annexation of Texas.

### THE RE-MONETIZATION OF SILVER.

An attempt is now made to impugn the coinage act of 1873 under various points of view, in order to lay a foundation for the claim that it is only sought now to re-monetize silver. Not a single imputation on the act of 1873 has ever been presented which will stand examination, but, if that were not so, that act was like any other act of Congress which has become the law of the land, and under which we have all been obliged to live for twenty-five years. We cannot go back and undo the law and live the twenty-five years over again. All the mistakes and follies of the past are gone into the past for all classes and all persons amongst us. The men of the past must be assumed to have acted according to their light, and we who inherit the consequences of what they did must make the best of both the good and ill of it, as the case may be, or as we think it is. If now we make a new coinage law it must stand on its own merits, and on the responsibility of the men who make it, now and for the future. All references back to 1873 are idle and irrelevant.

The plain fact, therefore, is to be faced without any disguise, that we are invited to debase the coinage and lower the standard of value, now and for the future, as a free act of political choice, to be deliberately adopted in a time of profound peace, and that this is to be done with the intention and hope that it will perpetrate a bankruptcy at fifty cents on the dollar for all existing debtors. Can this plan be executed? It cannot. The scheme and plan of it for a nation of seventy million people is silly and wicked at the same time, and both, beyond the power of words to express. The projectors of it deal with the economic phenomena of a great nation as if they were talking about a game at cards, and they plan to do this with prices and that with debts, this with exports and that with banks, as if they were planning a programme for building a barn. If we try to realize the operation proposed we shall see how childish and absurd it is.

We must distinguish between three classes of debtors: great financial institutions, small mortgagors, and partners in collapsed booms.

### FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS AS DEBTORS.

The great financial institutions are intermediaries between debtors and creditors. They have received capital from some people and lent it to others. They have to recover it and pay it back. If they only recover it at fifty cents on the dollar, they can only repay it in the same way. What this would mean is that the creditors of those institutions would be paid "dollars," but that when they tried to re-invest them they would find that prices had risen to a greater or less degree in those dollars for the things which they wanted to buy. To this the Populists answer, triumphantly, that now the debtors find that the prices of their products have fallen, so that when they try to sell them they cannot get enough to pay their debts; but the debtors are those who made contracts and undertook enterprises five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago, expecting to make gains, which they certainly would have kept. As things have turned out they have not made the gains, and their plan is to escape the loss by throwing it on some one else. The institutions in question, however, are bound to protect the interests of either body of their clients, borrowers or depositors, when either is unjustly threatened, and they are by no means destitute of means to do it. A law to forbid specific coin contracts is but one step in the desperate policy of prostituting law and corrupting the administration of justice, which would be necessary in the attempt to force through the plan under discussion. It would fail at last, because the advocates of it would find that, as the popular saying is, it would "fly up and hit them in the face." It is not possible to throw society and all its most important institutions into confusion without ruining all the interests of everybody, and at last everybody but the tramp or pauper has to ask himself whether it will pay. As for the institutions, many of them would be ruined in the operation. It is not possible for them to simply collect and repay in the debased dollars. The operation would produce snarls and knots at every turn. Lawsuits would multiply on all sides, and would so entangle the affairs of the institution as to ruin it. The proof of this is presented by the difficulties of liquidation in any case, even when there is no question of currency revolution, and when general affairs are in a normal condition, unless there is time and security for all the operations. In this case the demands on the institution would be precipitated at once, so far as the form of contract would allow.

### SMALL MORTGAGORS.

The small mortgagors are either wages-men or farmers. As to the wages-men, their wages would undoubtedly go

the drivel about their endangered rights, and seeks to fire their souls by lurid appeals for the overthrow of oppressors who do not exist.

up in time as prices went up, but in the paralysis of industry which would be the first distinct effect of the plan, as soon as it was known that the experiment was to be made, immense numbers of wages-men would be thrown out of employment, and all wages would fall on account of this condition of the labor market. Later, when things began to adjust themselves to the new basis, wages would be low with prices high, both in silver. Advance of wages would come, but it would have to be won through strikes and a prolonged industrial war. In the state of things supposed it would be every man for himself. The wages class would be weakest of all under the circumstances, as they are in every case of "hard times." How would mortgagors of this class traverse such a time and keep up their interest? As to the principal, which is to be halved, it cannot be halved unless it is paid, and the mortgagor has nothing to pay it with except the *surplus* which he can save from his wages over the cost of living. The project promises woe and ruin to the wages class, with industrial war and class hatred as moral consequences of the most far-reaching importance.

### FARMER-MORTGAGORS.

The farmers expect to double the price of their products, and so get silver to pay off their mortgages. It has been shown in a former paper how illusory this expectation is as regards prices. Prices would rise, indeed, in silver, but irregularly and unequally. They would rise for all things which a farmer buys as well as for all that he sells. If, as the silver theorists generally say, all prices were to rise uniformly, the farmer would gain but little. For the only means he would win toward paying off his mortgage would be the *surplus* of his income over his outgo, and this he could only apply year by year as he won it. If, then, the whole scheme could be made to work smoothly, if the victims of it would submit to it without resistance, does this afford any probability of realizing the great hopes which are built upon the scheme?

### SOCIAL WAR THE CONSEQUENCE.

But the victims would not submit without resistance, and once more we come to the result that no effect can be expected from this undertaking but social war, and a convulsion of the entire social system, whose consequences defy analysis or prediction. If a man says that he "does not see" what great difference going over to the silver standard will make, it must be that he is little trained to understand the workings of the industrial system in which he lives and on which he depends. It is a monstrous thing that a free, self-governing people should join a political battle, in this year of grace 1896, over the question whether to debase their coinage or not.

### THE EXPLODED BOOMS.

The third class of debtors is by far the most important in this matter—those who are caught in exploded booms. The peaceful and honest mortgagors of farms and homesteads are not the ones who have gotten up this political agitation. The jobbers, speculators, and boom-promoters have been one of the curses of this country from the earliest colonial days. They are men of the "hustling" type, jobbing in politics with one hand and in land or town lots with the other. It is they who, at the worst periods of financial trouble in our history, have always appeared in the lobby, eager for "relief," declaiming about the "people," the "money power," the "banks," "England," etc., etc. They have always favored schemes for fraudulent banks, or paper money, or State subsidies, or other plans by which they could unload on the State or on their creditors. Just now it is silver, because silver has fallen within twenty-five years so much that it is what is called "cheap money." This type of men have always used a dialect, part of which is quoted above, which is so well marked that it suffices to identify them. The history of financial distress in this country is full of it. No scheme which has ever been devised by them has ever made a collapsed boom go up again. With very few exceptions, they have, on account of such expedients, only floundered deeper in the mire. The exceptions have been those who have succeeded in making the State provide them with capital, although by no means all of these have been hard-headed enough to use it to "get out." Generally they believe in themselves and their schemes, and use new capital only to plunge in again still deeper.

It is men of this class and the silver-miners who have brought the present trouble upon us, who have invented and preached the notions about the crime of '73, the hard times, the magical influence of silver, and all the rest. It is they who have filled and engineered conventions. They will gain no more now than in any former crisis, but they insist on involving us all in turmoil, risk, and ruin by their schemes to save themselves.

*W. G. Sumner.*

[COPIES of this paper containing previous articles by Professor Sumner may be had at ten cents each by addressing this office. Those articles are entitled: "Prosperity Strangled by Gold," "Cause and Cure of Hard Times," "The Free coinage Scheme is Impracticable at Every Point."]





HON. JOHN M. PALMER, NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.—*Photograph by C. M. Bell.*



GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER, NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.  
*Photograph by E. Klauber.*

THE NATIONAL (SOUND MONEY) DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.



THE ST. PAUL BUILDING, THE HIGHEST OFFICE-BUILDING IN THE WORLD.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



THE METHOD BY WHICH WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON HIGH BUILDINGS ASCEND AND DESCEND.—[SEE PAGE 186.]





"You see, sir, we first tap a hole about four inches from the combination."

## PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

V.  
THE PRINCE MAKES A WAGER WITH A LADY WHO SEEMS TO HAVE LOVED UNWISELY.



NE often hears people complain that their lives are monotonous and their surroundings dull, which usually means that they themselves are narrow of vision, and incapable of perceiving the possibilities about them, the dramatic power of every-day happenings, the picturesque in homely surroundings, the tragedy and pathos under their neighbors' roofs, the endless show of vanity, and the screaming comedy of things in general. The fact is, only commonplace people have commonplace lives.

Take adventure, for instance: how many New-Yorkers on this particular night in June, sleeping stolidly in their flats and brown-stone houses, having no great need to sleep, since it was Saturday night and there was only an empty day before them with more sleeping, and dawdling over the Sunday papers—how many of these good folks would have believed it possible that in these peaceful hours two gentlemen who were frequently in the midst of novel situations, because they were always seeking for them, had been so far able to transform New York, reputed to be humdrum, into a source of Arabian Nights entertainment; that they were actually assisting, and in evening dress, too, at a real safe-blowing performance, where the actors were real burglars, where the dynamite was real, where the drills, "jimmies," and other appurtenances, not forgetting the danger, were also real. And the gaping hole in the wall was real, and the groans heard through it faintly from the other side were real, and the look of concern on the young burglar's face was real as he bent toward the hole and listened,—for how should he know that the groans came from his pal, the man Prince Kahlma had captured on the roof and now, for reasons of his own, had brought down, bound fast and gagged, to the adjoining room? Our story opens, however, before the groans began.

For the moment the long-bearded burglar, "Mister James,"

assisted by his two companions, was actively preparing to wreck the safe. And as he worked, inspired by the pride of his calling, he explained to the prince the drilling apparatus they were using, speaking freely now and with no trace of suspicion. Indeed, the prince's affable and interested manner had convinced the burglars that he meant them no harm, and, although his prisoners, they had begun to regard him as a good fellow, and were rather inclined to be flattered by his interference.

"You see, sir," "Mister James" was saying, "we first tap a hole in the safe about four inches from the combination—just a small one, with a drill about the size of a gimlet. Then we keep putting in larger drills until we have a little well big enough to hold the charge. We work the drills forward in this iron frame, which holds 'em steady, and we change hands at the turning, for it's stiff work cutting through the stuff they make these safes of."

"Don't they make any safes you can't drill through?" asked the prince.

"Why, these new ones with layers of chrome-steel and soft iron would break our best drills if we hadn't found a trick to beat 'em, but every first-class operator nowadays can take the temper out of the hardest plate of steel that was ever made. We do it with the cold anneal."

"The cold anneal?"

"Yes; I'll explain it to you. There's first the compound blow-pipe for the heating; that takes about ten minutes. Then you run a hot sponge over the hot metal just at the right moment, and after that your hole goes through as if you were cutting soft iron, which you are. Why, we have cutters for our drills big enough to let your hand through, and we can make an inch an hour."

"More'n that," said Oatsey, with discriminating tone.

"Well, say an inch an hour; you've got thirty-six hours between Saturday night and Monday morning, and there you are. That's for the toughest safes in the country, but this kind of a safe," contemptuously, "is baby work."

"We ain't a-tellin' the rich folks that, though," remarked Pete; "we ain't a-educatin' them."

"I don't see anything the matter with this safe," said the prince; "it's made of thick iron, isn't it?"

"Bless you, sir, thick iron is no protection in these times."

"Joints ain't packed," said Oatsey, critically; "you could suck her full of powder dead easy."

"He is referring to the old air-pump method," explained "Mister James."

"And you could yank that spindle out like pullin' a tooth," said Pete.

"Quite right," said the old burglar, pleased at his pupil's proficiency; "you see, this spindle is straight, instead of being geared or tapering as they make 'em in the best safes. We could have it out in no time with the 'ripper.' Or we could wedge the door and get the charge in that way. Oh, these safe people can't beat us."

"They can with watchmen and electric signals, can't they?" asked the prince.

This question seemed to start the old man afresh, for he paused in the drilling and said:

"There's another point; now you bring in the element of human honesty. It's all very nice in theory to have your watchman in a bank sending signals every half-hour through the night, but I ask you how is anybody to know whether those signals mean, 'I am doing my duty and all is well,' or 'I'm helping a gang of burglars to rob this bank'?"

"That's the talk," chuckled Oatsey.

"And it's the same with all these electric systems. They can put wires around a safe or vault so that the slightest interference, a mere touch, will make a ball drop or an arrow move, or a bell ring, off at some central station; of course they can, but how are you going to know whether the man on duty at the station will give the alarm or not? Say he gets two or three dollars a day and somebody comes along who offers him a fortune to be a little deaf when the bell rings, or to fix things so it can't ring? A fortune is a fortune, and it stands to reason if you can't even be sure of your bank cashiers and your safe-examiners, with their big salaries, you can't be sure of a poor watchman. If somebody would get up some kind of a voltmeter to measure people's honesty, then the bank presidents could sleep on both ears; but that hasn't been done yet, and until it is, why, banks will keep on being robbed."

"That's a good argument," said the prince a little absently,



and turning his head as if listening to something.

"I spoke of safe-examiners," continued the old man, growing reminiscent, "because I used to be one myself before I went into this line. That's why I'm such a good burglar, if I do say it. I used to draw five thousand dollars a year from a big safe concern for traveling through the country, examining vaults. I got to knowing secrets about weak safes worth millions, and one day some nice, plausible fellows came along—that was the Ryan gang—and offered me fifty thousand dollars for one of my secrets. I let 'em have it, and earned ten years' pay in one evening. They made a million dollars on the tip, and soon after that I became a professional. Why shouldn't I? But I'm neglecting my work. Have you got the battery ready, Oatsey? We'll want to put in the charge in a few minutes."

"She's all right," said Oatsey, adjusting a wire in the little battery strapped around his waist.

"What sort of a charge do you use?" asked Van Halten, with a shade of apprehension in his tone.

"Oh, dynamite or nitro-glycerine, either one. I prefer nitro-glycerine, because it runs better into the cracks, being liquid. Besides that, we can make it ourselves out of ordinary glycerine and nitric acid, whereas we've got to buy the dynamite from dealers, and they're liable to ask questions. Nitro-glycerine is more dangerous, though, and I've known some nasty accidents to happen with it."

"Like when 'Red' Donahoe got his eyes blown out in de Reddin' job," said Oatsey.

"Yes, poor fellow; the boys carried him from the vault-room blind and half smothered from the gases, but he was game through it all; nine explosions there were on one safe. That's the kind of stuff there is in some burglars."

"Didn't people hear the explosions?" asked Van Halten, rather impressed by this bit of unorthodox heroism.

"No, because the boys knew their business. You see there are burglars who spend years studying the science of explosives. They can give pointers to the college professors, and it's from them we learn how to smother the sound of an explosion without weakening its power. I'd risk my reputation that when Oatsey there turns on his current the explosion won't be heard a hundred feet away."

"Let us hope not," said Van Halten, and then noticing a distrustful look in his master's face, he said: "Does this interest your Highness?"

"It's interesting enough," said the prince; "at least I shall be pleased to watch the explosion. But what I am giving more thought to than to these thieving details is the mystery of yonder fellow through the wall. He's been groaning as if he had a sick conscience. How can a woman be so mad as to trust her honor in the hands of such a scoundrel?"

"Are the letters compromising?"

"I fear so; they are certainly very indiscreet."

"Perhaps it's a case where the lady has nothing to lose," said Van Halten.

"But I know her; her picture was in the little bag he carried, along with letters in her own hand. Nothing to lose? Why, she holds one of the highest positions in New York society."

"And you say this man—this burglar—has the entrée to her set?"

"I myself met him the other evening at a reception where he was with some of the best people. Listen, there it is again."

"Sounds like some feller was gettin' hurt," said Pete, who had also been listening at the mouth of the tunnel.

Just then a man's head appeared in the hole, and presently William dragged himself into the room.

"He's takin' on somethin' awful, sir," he said to the prince, "and won't keep quiet. When they talked about putting in the charge he motioned so wildly that I took the cloth out of his mouth. He says he must see you, sir, right away, on a matter of great importance. He says it's life or death, so I took chances on your not likin' it and came through to tell you." All this was spoken in a low tone, so that the burglars could not hear.

"Very well," said the prince, "I will go to him. The rest of you keep on with your work."

Making his way through the tunnel without much difficulty, for he was agile in body, the prince disappeared into the adjoining room, and presently Van Halten, waiting at the mouth of the tunnel, could hear low voices in conversation. Rheinbaum was evidently pleading for something, but what it was or what his master said in reply, he could not tell. Presently the prince returned, and sending William back to his charge, took Van Halten aside.

"We have a queer situation here," he said; "this fellow puzzles me. I never saw a man in deeper distress. He begged me with tears and on his knees to let him come in here when the safe is blown. He swore that if I didn't he would kill himself. He says that somebody's honor and happiness are at stake."

The prince was silent a moment, and then said, half to himself: "I believe I can guess who he means, but what can she have to do with it?"

"She?" queried Van Halten. "Do you think there is a woman in the case?"

Again the prince was silent, turning over something in his mind. "There is surely more in the case than shows on the surface. Look here," he said, turning sharply to the group of burglars who were standing idle. "Do any of you know whose offices these are?"

"Here's the name on the safe, sir," said Oatsey, pointing to the words printed there in black letters, "Wilbur Longstreth."

"A prominent man, I believe," said the old burglar, "and something of a philanthropist."

"What is his business?"

"Ah, that's a mystery. He is here every day and gets a big mail, and has plenty of callers, swell-dressed men, and women who come in carriages. But he hasn't any profession, and he don't buy or sell anything, and he writes all his letters himself."

"You seem to be well informed about Mr. Longstreth."

"We have to be, sir; the success of an operation often depends on our having accurate information about the people we are going to—deal with. I should like to know, for instance, why a rich man like him don't employ a stenographer. It might be worth money to know that."

"Ask Giblets dere," broke in Pete, pointing to the hole in the wall. "He knows all about him. Dose two is friends. I watched 'em shakin' hands de day we started on de tunnel."

"Stop that tough talk, Pete," said the old man. "I tell these boys, sir, that a burglar should use good grammar."

"Certainly," said the prince, struck by Pete's statement. "If Mr. Longstreth comes here every day I suppose it wouldn't be possible to put this thing off—I mean blowing the safe? You couldn't hide the traces of your work, could you?"

"We might, sir," answered the old burglar, with an effort to be accommodating; "we can putty up this drill-hole and paint it over so that no one will ever notice it."

"How about the wall there?"

"Oh, we can fix that as we did on the other side. If you'll give us two hours, sir, I'll guarantee to leave this room so that the owner will never suspect anything."

"Good," said the prince, much pleased. "That is what I want done; and remember, you will lose nothing by serving me well." Then to Van Halten he said: "I have in mind another and more promising adventure that will give zest to the blowing of this safe. I shall use our prisoner in the next room for a little experiment. Just now he is in a sullen, desperate mood, and it is impossible to get anything from him, but when I have him alone I shall win his confidence and get at the truth. I wish thee to remain here until this work is done, and then, to-morrow and the next day, if need be, devote thyself to finding out who this man Longstreth is and what goes on in these offices. Dost thou understand?"

The prince spoke in that tone of quiet command which Van Halten knew so well.

"I understand," he said, not venturing any discussion, although he was not over-pleased with the plan of postponement.

"Now, my friends," said the prince, returning to the group of burglars, who stood uncertain, wondering what was coming, "I am going to leave you, but we shall meet again to-morrow, for you are to remain with me a few days; not as prisoners, mind, but as my guests. We shall have time to get better acquainted, and I shall enjoy listening to some of the thrilling stories you can doubtless tell. I love stories of danger and adventure. Before covering up the ends of this tunnel I wish you to enlarge the opening and make the sides smooth, so that a person could pass through it by slightly bending—a lady, for instance, without soiling her gown. Now good-night. I will send William to assist you after he has seen me to the door."

With these words Prince Kahlma bowed pleasantly to the company and then, making his way through the tunnel, he left them to their labors.

Business went on as usual in the offices of Wilbur Longstreth, but what that business was no one could rightly tell. As "Mister James" had said, there was no professional practice and no buying or selling, and yet people came and went, through the day, well-dressed people, too, with something of distinction in dress and bearing, as if they did not belong to the common herd of mortals. Men called, for the most part, but there were some women, and of the latter it might be said that, whatever their mission was, it was not a pleasant one, for their faces were often pale and their eyes despairing as they came out of the glazed door that was marked No. 11, and bore no other name or sign. Whatever the source of his income, Mr.

Longstreth was believed to be a man of wealth, and his home near the park, where he lived with his wife and daughter and entertained largely, gave every evidence that fortune had smiled upon him. The ladies of his household were prominent in church work, and his cheque-book was always open for a worthy cause. Furthermore, Mr. Longstreth was esteemed as a man of refinement and a patron of the arts. His gallery was filled with choice paintings and his collection of china and pottery was one of the best in the city.

Had Mr. Longstreth, during these days turned his artistic eye upon the wall-paper back of his desk, or examined critically the paint on the front of his safe, he might have found cause for some concern, but of course such an idea never occurred to him; he was too much occupied with his philanthropic work and his callers. No curious eye discovered signs of the tunnel through the wall, nor did any one suspect that the safe had been tampered with. And yet Mr. Longstreth made many visits to this safe every day and always set the combination with particular care.

Meantime Van Halten had been carrying out his instruction to keep this place under surveillance. He posted his shadows about the building with instructions to keep close watch upon all who visited room No. 11, and through their efforts he soon came upon a piece of knowledge that struck him as in the highest degree remarkable. He found that there was a going and coming of several foreign noblemen, who plainly visited the office on important business, and had the air of belonging there. These men

were all handsome-looking fellows, faultlessly attired



"THE LADY DROVE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE AND WENT IN."

and in every case rather well known in New York society.

So curious did Van Halten become to discover the motive of these visits that he and his agents followed several of these foreign gentlemen and continued the shadowing for several days. In each case a large part of their time seemed to be occupied in writing and receiving letters, and in meeting mysteriously acting women in out-of-the-way places. One of the agent's reports ran like this:

"Marquis de Montepin.—Called on Mr. Longstreth at twelve o'clock. Walked down Fifth Avenue and cashed a large cheque at the Madison Square Bank. Walked over to Sixth Avenue and waited in a glove-shop until a carriage drove up with drawn curtains. Entered carriage where lady was sitting and drove to quiet restaurant on University Place, where Marquis and lady had lunch in private dining-room. Remained there until half-past six, when carriage was called and both drove away up town. Marquis left carriage at Fifty-Sixth Street and went to his club. Lady drove to private house on Fifty-Seventh Street, near Fifth Avenue, and went in."

The reports of the other agents were in the same tenor, the appointments of these fashionable gentlemen being sometimes in the evening, sometimes for dinner, now for a drive in the park, or again for a visit to some bachelor apartment house, everything being conducted with the greatest secrecy, as if the ladies were in constant fear of being seen. In every case these ladies were described as being richly dressed and as living in beautiful homes. The more Van Halten pondered over this curious development, the less he could understand the intimate and peculiar relation that seemed to exist between Mr. Longstreth, philanthropist and patron of the arts, these swaggering foreign

noblemen with their vices and graces, and these high-class women of New York society.

And, press him as he might with questions, the prince could get nothing from Rheinbaum that threw any light upon the mystery. To every interrogation he opposed a stubborn silence and would not even admit that he knew Mr. Longstreth.

"Let me see the safe blown open and I will tell you everything," was all that he would say. The prince was fairly puzzled.

"Perhaps I will," he said, "but I shall wait a few days."

"It will be too late if you wait after Thursday," said the baron.

"Keep close watch upon this man, William," was the prince's reply.

Mrs. Chauncey Bigelow was a type of the idle, charming, brilliant, dissatisfied women who abound in New York. Her husband was a man of great wealth, which he lavished upon her. She seemed to be one of earth's fortunate ones, with beauty, social position, unusual intelligence, and all that money can buy, and yet she was miserable, chiefly because she had nothing to make her so. She was a victim of that habit, unfortunately common among American women, of yearning vaguely after the unattainable.

One evening when she was in a particularly querulous mood, saying to herself that everything was tame and worn out, and wondering how it profited her to have an exquisite home when there was nothing in it that gave her happiness, she received a call from the one man of her acquaintance for whom she had boundless admiration, and perhaps the capacity for tenderer feeling. There were two things that particularly drew her to Prince Kahlma: in the first place he was a mystery, envied of all but

understood by none, and in the second place he had never shown the slightest disposition to pay her court. Besides that, on the occasion of their last meeting, a few evenings before at a reception, the prince had aroused her curiosity and stirred in her some momentary apprehension by mysterious reference to some danger hanging over her. So, naturally, it was to this that her mind reverted after their first greeting.

"Is your Highness ready yet to tell me the secret of those strange forebodings regarding my poor self?" This she said gayly, but underneath there was some anxiety.

"That is my errand," said the prince, gravely. "I now have knowledge of the danger that is threatening your peace of mind."

"That is impossible," said Mrs. Bigelow, "since I have no peace of mind."

"You might have anguish of mind."

"Even that would be better than the deadly ennui that is consuming me. I should rather welcome a little anguish; it would at least be a new sensation."

"What you say sounds strangely in the mouth of one who loves." The prince's eyes spoke deep meaning, and in spite of herself the woman was affected. Still she tried to parry the attack with light words.

"Had your Highness ever married he would know that love soon becomes an old story between husband and wife."

"I was not speaking of your husband, madam. I referred to you as one who loves."

There followed more sparring of talk, the woman laying aside her jesting tone as she saw herself hard pressed, and meeting the prince with show of dignity.

"May I ask," she said, with a proud lifting of the head, "by what right your Highness criticises my action?"

"By the right every man enjoys to save a woman when he sees her going to ruin."

"Isn't that putting it rather strongly?"

"I don't think so. Will you look at these?" The prince handed Mrs. Bigelow a silken bag holding several letters. She caught her breath as she saw the writing.

"Where did you get these? Tell me, have you read them?"

"I have read enough to see that it was best I should read no more. I got them from the man to whom they were written."

"From Baron Rheinbaum? Surely he did not give them to you?"



"No, I took them from him."  
 "You took them from him? How?"  
 "I am not at liberty to say—at least not now."  
 "And why have you come to me with these letters? Why have you put them in my hands? See, I can tear them to pieces if I will." She made a movement as if to destroy the letters, at the same time looking at the prince suspiciously.  
 "Do so, by all means, madam, if you think best. Understand I am here to help you, not to do you harm."  
 "Forgive me for doubting your Highness," she said, in evident agitation, "but I scarcely know what to think. Tell me, why are you here?"  
 "I have only interfered in your affairs because I know this man to be capable of any infamy against you."  
 "That I will never believe."  
 "Because I know he holds you in his power."  
 "That is not true."  
 "Because he is a scoundrel unworthy of your love."  
 "I do not love him."  
 "Can you deny the evidence of your own letters?"

The lady hesitated, biting her lips. "I may have flirted," she said, "or even been a trifle indiscreet, but what would you have, time is so heavy on my hands?" Then she added, with a blending of anger and self-pity: "I tell you, prince, the men of New York are responsible for the follies of their wives when they give them nothing to occupy their minds or satisfy their affections. Oh, why won't our husbands be more lovers and less money-makers? It would be better for us; it would be better for them. Think of the idle lives we lead; think of the temptations that surround us. I met Baron Rheinbaum at a reception; he was delightful, full of attentions, careful about a thousand little things that American men neglect, and those little things mean so much to a woman. I found him charming, and we saw much of each other—too much, I fear. But this I can say positively, that I have every reason to believe Baron Rheinbaum a gentleman and man of honor."

She spoke so confidently that Prince Kahlma hesitated a moment before replying: "I am sorry to wound you, madam, but within twenty-four hours I have had occasion to inform myself fully as to this man's record in Europe. I have received reports about him, cables from half a dozen capitals, and they all agree that he is an unprincipled adventurer, a heartless Don Juan who has made a business all his life of making women love him, only to trample upon their affections when he has gained his end and boast of his conquests."

"Even if all this be true, I shall still believe that he loves me."

"And suppose I tell you that he is no more entitled to call himself baron than the bootblack on the corner—that he has no rich relatives in Europe, as he claims, nor any resources whatever to justify the idle, spendthrift life he leads?"

"I shall still say that he loves me."

"And suppose I tell you that he gets his money by a life of crime?"

"I refuse to believe it."

"That he is a common burglar, associating with thieves and house-breakers?"

"I defy you to prove it. I would not believe it unless I saw it with my own eyes."

The prince reflected a moment.

"Admirable!" he exclaimed, in reply to some unspoken thought. "And would you believe it if you did see it with your own eyes?"

"I suppose I should have to."

"Then let us make a wager. I have in mind a plan that will amuse me and furnish you one of the thrilling sensations you so much crave. My part shall be to prove to you within four days, to prove it so that your eyes and ears confirm the fact, that this man is not only incapable of any genuine love for you, but has deliberately schemed to compromise you for his own cruel and selfish ends. I will furthermore convince you that he is a thief and a burglar."

"I accept the wager," said the lady, calmly; "let the stake be something small, since your Highness is sure to lose."

"If I lose I will pay whatever penalty you may name."

The lady hesitated a moment, and then, going to a writing-desk, wrote some words hastily upon a sheet of paper and sealed it in an envelope. Handing this to the prince, she said, smiling: "I have written the penalty inside; you may break the seal after you have lost your wager."

"And if I win?"

"If you win, I give you my word that I will never flirt with a foreigner again as long as I live, with the exception of—shall I say with one exception?"

This she said archly, but the prince with unmoved seriousness answered:

"There must be no exceptions, madam,

whether foreigners or not." Then he added in a lighter tone: "I should really like to know what you have written in this envelope."

"And I should like to know how you expect to win your wager. Why can't you tell me now?"

"That would be the positive proof you demand; and besides," he added, with an amused look, "it would spoil the sensation I am planning for you. Now, before I go, let me ask you to observe this ring; it is the one I showed you the other evening with the rubies and diamonds. I want you to pledge me your word that if in these coming days you find yourself in any strange situation, no matter how strange, you will trust implicitly and give absolute obedience to the person who shall come to you with this token. Do you give the pledge?"

"I do," answered the lady.

"Then," answered the prince, "you may be quite sure that the thrilling sensation you have longed for will soon be yours, and the price of the wager will be mine."

With these mysterious words the prince withdrew, leaving the lady wondering.

(To be continued.)

### Was It for This?

DID our unselfish forebears build in vain,  
 Laying the State's foundations deep and well,  
 That now upon the broad, high citadel  
 They must behold *Dishonor* written plain?  
 Was it for this the struggle and the strain—  
 That Warren bled and brave Montgomery fell,  
 That thousands felt Death's incompassionate spell  
 From gray Quebec to Georgia's wide campaign?  
 And he, the master-builder, whose great soul,  
 In desolate Valley-Forge's bitterest night,  
 Triumphant rose o'er all assailing fears,  
 Was it for this he sought the Freedom goal?  
 Was it for this he waged the stubborn fight,  
 Inexorable through all those fateful years?  
 CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### The Making of Gold.

EVERY one, in these days of general education, is aware that when chemistry was born its mission was held to be the discovery of the elixir of life and the finding of the philosopher's stone. To hold death at bay and to transmute base metals into gold were the objects for which the ancient alchemists studied, experimented, suffered, and died. Their researches into the properties of matter supplied the foundation for modern physical and chemical science. In one sense of the word they were dreamers, but in the history of human progress they rank as illustrious pioneers. Readers of newspapers are familiar with the fact that physicians everywhere are now thinking and

of a gold molecule is one hundred and ninety-seven, and that of a silver molecule is one hundred and eight, etc.

But every molecule is itself a compound body. It is known to be composed of still smaller particles denominated "atoms"; and chemists are all agreed that if a molecule of any particular element can be broken up into its constituent atoms the resulting matter will no longer have the properties of the element operated on. They go even further. They are agreed as to the great probability of the atoms being everywhere alike, notwithstanding that they may be derived from the breaking up or "disassociation" of the molecules of very different elements. So, in the end, we are brought face to face with the scientific doctrine that the same stuff may be made into hydrogen, or oxygen, or carbon, or iron, or gold, or silver, just by causing its particles to unite into molecules of greater or less complexity and weight. It is therefore not surprising that in many laboratories experiments are being made in the hope of breaking up the molecules of one element and then re-combining them in the form of the molecules of another element.

This feat is now said to have been actually performed by a distinguished New York chemist. Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, of 1 Broadway, claims to have carried to a successful conclusion the experiments begun by Mr. Cary Lea, of Philadelphia, with respect to the molecular modification of silver. Mr. Lea found that pure silver can be manipulated so as to become soluble in plain water, thereby bringing about a very great subdivision of structure. Starting from this point Dr. Emmens claims to have succeeded in completely breaking up the silver molecules and thus producing a hitherto unknown form of matter which he denominates *argentaurum*, because of its possessing properties akin to those of gold and silver. He says that it is the missing element for which modern chemists have left a vacant place between the positions of silver and gold in the table of elements prepared according to the famous "periodic law." He also says that if these particles of *argentaurum* be caused to unite once more, and if the process of aggregation be so conducted as to form molecules of greater density than those of the original silver, the resulting product is a metal having the appearance and physical properties of gold, and capable of passing the gold test of any government mint in the world.

Dr. Emmens is a man of high scientific reputation. He is a member of the American Chemical Society, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and, in addition to being the author of many valuable scientific memoirs, is an inventor of considerable note. His explosive, "emmensite," has been adopted by the United



DR. EMMENS IN HIS LABORATORY.

talking of methods for thrusting back the infirmities of old age; and with the last fortnight has come a startling announcement that the transmutation of metals has been brought within measurable distance of attainment.

This latter piece of news has long been anticipated. It is many years since the chemists awoke to the fact that the difference between hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, iron, copper, gold, platinum, chlorine, and the rest of the elements is merely one of weight. Each elementary body is found to consist of certain molecules. Each molecule has its own specific weight, and all molecules of the same weight were found to have precisely similar properties, such as color, conductivity, chemical affinity, and the like. The hydrogen molecules, being the lightest, serve as the standard to which all others are referred. Thus, the weight of a hydrogen molecule being reckoned as one, that of an oxygen molecule is found to be (in round numbers) sixteen, that of a carbon molecule is twelve, that

States government for the defense of our coasts; his method of treating zinciferous sulphide ores promises to add greatly to the wealth of Colorado; his recent discovery of a form of radiant energy having the powers of the X ray in ordinary sunshine and in absolute darkness is leading the way to the construction of available apparatus for medical inspection; and altogether his position in the scientific world is such that any announcement he may make is entitled to respectful consideration. It is, of course, possible that he may be mistaken in his contention that the manufacture of gold from silver is an accomplished fact, but in the light of modern scientific doctrines chemists do not deny the antecedent possibility of such a change. It is not probable, however, that the world will soon know of success in gold-making on a commercial scale. If its manufacture is really practical it will probably find its way into the market gradually and in the guise of a natural product.

J. H. W.

### People Talked About.

—It is stated that Miss Clara Barton, who is now taking a rest in Germany, may return to Turkey if the recent reports as to fresh outrages in Armenia shall be confirmed. The work of the Red Cross is still prosecuted in the afflicted land, and it may be that late events may make necessary a prolongation of their valuable labors.

—The campaign liar is already at work. A prohibition newspaper in Kansas recently stated that Mr. Hobart, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, owns three hundred saloons in Paterson, New Jersey. Not to be outdone, a Kansas City journal subsequently published an article declaring that Mr. Hobart is in league with the Jesuits, and that, if elected, he will do everything he can to "give them the government." It will be hard for any other liar to rival these colossal fabrications.

—Charles Wells Moulton is compiling for a Boston publishing house a presentation volume of sonnets in autograph by living American poets, each sonnet to be accompanied by a portrait of its author. Mechanically, the book will be a highly artistic production, and it is to be hoped that its literary contents may be of corresponding merit. Among others who will appear in this volume are R. Watson Gilder, Madison Cawein, and Henry Tyrrell, the latter of whom is a well-known contributor to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* and several of our leading magazines.

—General Simon B. Buckner, the candidate of the sound-money Democrats for Vice-President, was one of the most conspicuous figures of the Confederate army during the Civil War. He commanded at Fort Donelson at the time of its surrender to General Grant, and serving subsequently in Tennessee, became a major-general. In 1887 he was elected Governor of Kentucky. A close friendship between himself and General Grant was established after the war, and he was one of the pall-bearers of the latter. General Buckner was one of the first among the notable politicians of Kentucky to declare for the single gold standard.

—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the British secretary of state for the colonies, who arrived in this city last week, denies that the object of his visit is to confer with Secretary Olney in reference to the Venezuelan dispute. He comes, as he says, for purely social ends. He declines to talk in reference to political affairs, but in one interview ventured the opinion that it is doubtful whether the establishment of an international court of arbitration would be so thoroughly effective as some people are inclined to think. Mr. Chamberlain, it will be remembered, married a daughter of William C. Endicott, a member of Mr. Cleveland's first Cabinet. He expects to spend his sojourn here at the home of his wife's father in Massachusetts.

—One of the notable books of the year is "Abraham Lincoln," the New York *Herald's* one-thousand-dollar prize poem, by Lyman Whitney Allen, recently issued by Putnam's Sons. The popular judgment as to the great merit of this epic recorded at the time it was first published has been confirmed by later critics and by the sober second thought of the general public. It breathes the spirit of the 'sixties, and in its portrayal of the thought and purpose of the people in the crucial hour of our history stirs the emotions of every patriotic heart. Mr. Allen, the author of this poem, is the pastor of a leading Presbyterian church in Newark, New Jersey, and a man of scholarly tastes, who, nevertheless, finds time to engage in every important moral work, and is especially in sympathy with all enterprises looking to the betterment of the condition of the unfortunate classes. He has done a good deal of other successful literary work, and in view of what he has achieved in this epic, will undoubtedly attain still higher rank as one of the poets of America.

—Li Hung Chang appears to be a humorist as well as a diplomat. During his visit to this city he lost no opportunity to turn the tables upon his interviewers. Mayor Strong was one of his special victims. The viceroy, at one of their interviews, asked the mayor whether he had served during the Civil War under Grant. "All civilians and scholars took arms, did they not?" he said. The mayor, amidst intense silence, said that he had a brother who took part in the war, but that he stayed at home and took care of the family. This honest confession, made in imitation of that of Artemus Ward, provoked great laughter, in which the illustrious Chinaman is said to have participated. He went even so far as to chuck the mayor in the ribs, evidently enjoying his serious discomfiture. Later on, when he was told that our Constitution prohibited titles, the viceroy suggested to the mayor that if they had been authorized "perhaps you would have endangered your life in the war to get one." It is intimated that the mayor was anxious to close the interview at this stage, but was compelled to submit to other inquiries quite as direct and severe.

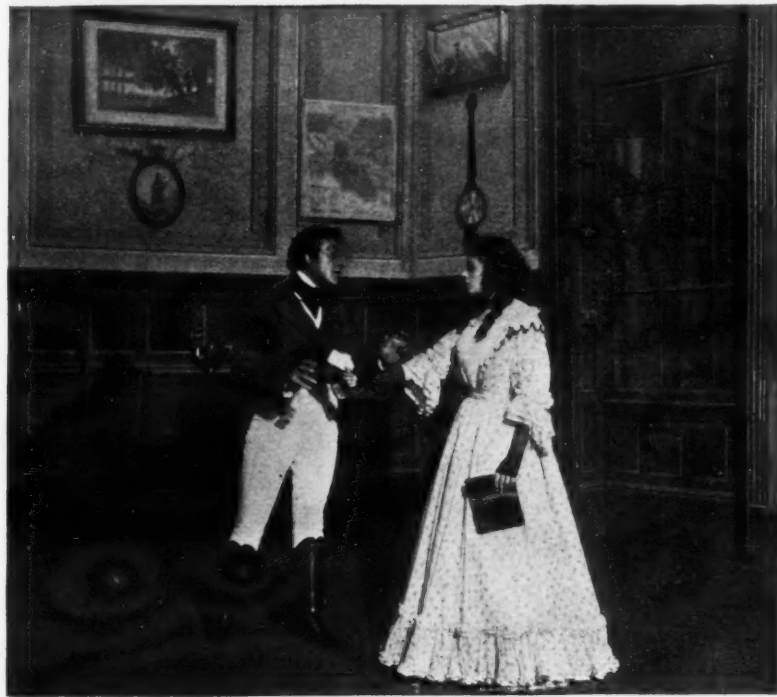




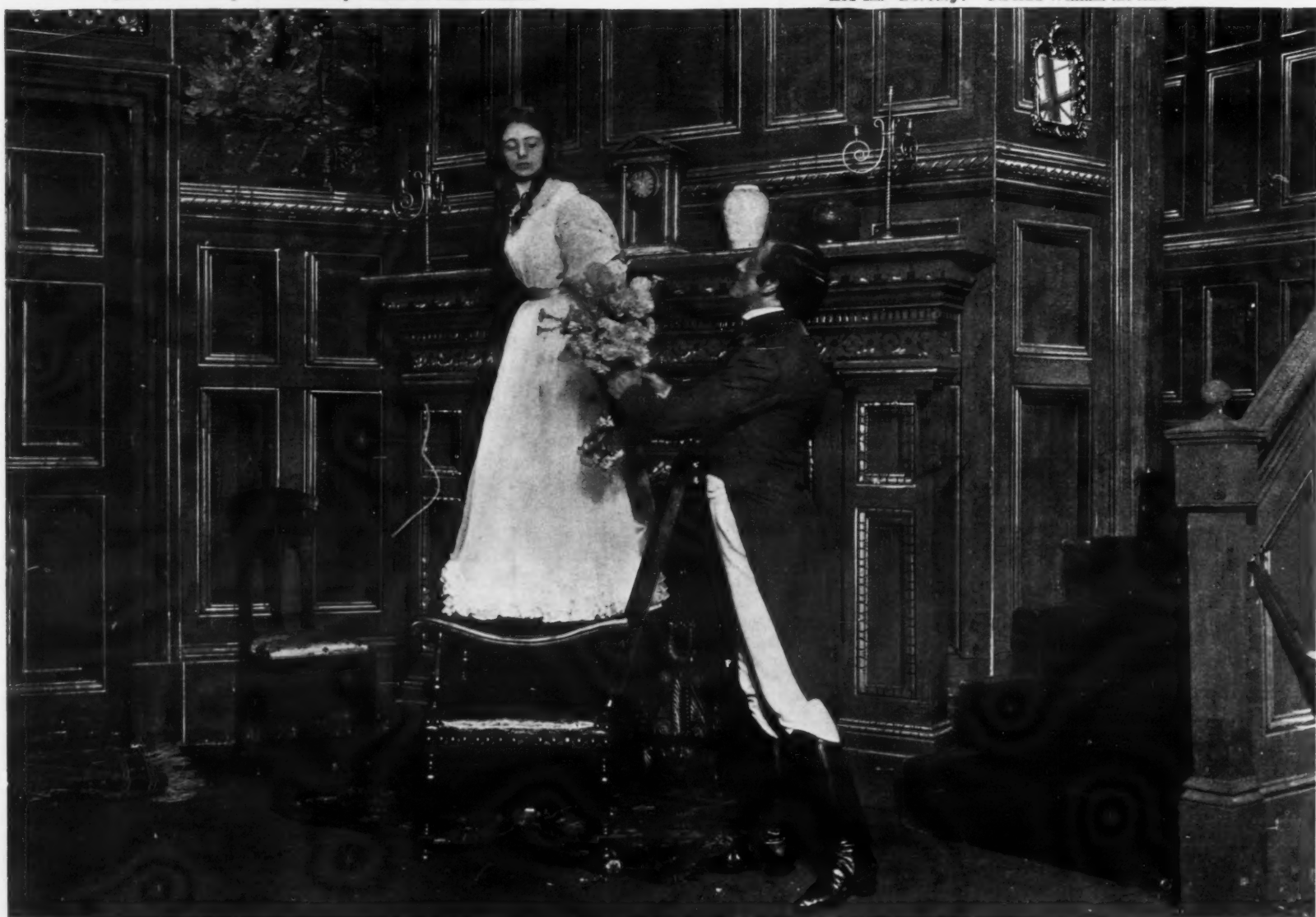
THESE PICTURES ARE NOT PORTRAITS OF A FRENCH COMEDIAN, AS MIGHT BE IMAGINED, BUT OF THE POPOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, FROM SNAP-SEOTS TAKEN BEFORE THE VERMONT ELECTION.—BY COURTESY COUNCIL BLUFFS (IOWA) "NONPAREIL" AND "JUDGE."



John Drew.  
ACT IV.—Sir Jasper: "Rosemary—that's for remembrance."



John Drew. Maud Adams.  
ACT III.—Dorothy: "I'll send William the leaf."



Maud Adams. John Drew.  
ACT II.—Dorothy: "Hand me the flowers."

SCENES FROM "ROSEMARY" THE NEW COMEDY BY L. N. PARKER AND MURRAY CARSON, NOW RUNNING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

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THE FIRE-DRILL IN UNION SQUARE BEFORE LI HUNG CHANG AND SUITE.—From a photograph by Charles Mills.



THE ILLUMINATION OF CHINATOWN IN HONOR OF THE CHINESE VICEROY.—From a drawing by F. H. Schell.

LI HUNG CHANG IN NEW YORK CITY.  
Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.



## The Echternach Jumping Procession.

IN no corner of Europe is there to be found any custom more characteristic of Mediaevalism than the quaint pilgrimage which is still made annually to the shrine of St. Willibrod at Echternach. The town itself is the oldest and one of the most interesting in the grand duchy of Luxemburg, but that territory—aptly styled the cock-pit of Europe—has been so often and so variously invaded that it is hardly to be expected that its treasures survive. Echternach suffered most severely during the Napoleonic wars—it was then that the ashes of the



THE JUMPING PROCESSION.

patron saint were scattered broadcast to the winds.

St. Willibrod was an Englishman, a seventh-century apostle of Christendom to the pagans of the lowlands and the outer isles; his long wanderings and successful ministry were rewarded by the good abbess Irmine, daughter of King Dagobert, who gave him the town of Echternach, and there he settled, died, and was buried.

That the tomb of so good a man should be visited by the devout is not surprising, but antiquarians are puzzled by the manner in which, from time immemorial, the pilgrims have deemed it necessary to approach the shrine. Instead of walking, or advancing in any assumed humble posture, progress is made by springing directly forward in three dance-steps, then taking similar steps at an oblique angle to the rear.

How it came about that the progress must be in this manner is not clear, nor is there any apparent connection between St. Willibrod and St. Vitus's dance, although a pilgrimage to his shrine is vaunted as an efficacious cure of that not common disorder. It is assumed that the dance was a war-march, or military exercise, of the Frisians; that St. Willibrod, having converted many of that race, had some follow in his company and allowed these to march forward with his banner in the manner they were accustomed to progress in order to insure victory on a military expedition; the same steps were piously observed in the earliest pilgrimages to celebrate his memory, and have survived to this day.

The best way to see the procession as a modern spectacle is to leave Echternach over night for one of the many neighboring villages which will send a contingent of pilgrims to the great procession. I went to Berdorf. The villagers were early astir, for the ceremony commences at eight, and a good position is essential to comfort. After Mass, at five o'clock, before an altar with sculptures representing Hercules, Juno, Apollo, and Minerva, the procession at once formed. The crucifix and banners, with the surpliced priests and choristers, head the throng, and as they pass through the village late-comers fall in rapidly, and all, bareheaded and reverent, recite the chaplet audibly, and at a quick pace hurry into the ravine leading to Echternach.

Taking a nearer road, a narrow path that crosses and recrosses a woodland stream, and with many a sharp curve and zig-zag maintains its way along the precipitous side of a wild

gorge, we reach the high ground above the wider valley. The murmur of many voices is heard above the rustling of wind in the trees, and when a view of the open country is gained, all the roads leading to Echternach are seen to be thronged with long processions marching orderly behind the surpliced priests and numerous banners.

The town procession leads, headed by its beadle in Mediaeval costume of crimson, and the bearers of the flag of St. Willibrod. At eight o'clock it descends the steep staircase from the parish church to the Bergstrasse and crosses the Sare on to German territory; there, from an extemporized pulpit on the open plain, the presiding bishop delivers a short sermon. The procession re-forms and retraces its route. When it passes the statue of Bertels, midway on the bridge, the celebrants commence to dance, and very slowly the procession wends its way through the town, past the *basilique* of the saint and the holy well, to the church where some relics of St. Willibrod are still preserved.

The official celebrants comprise the bishop, a hundred priests, numerous banner-bearers, beades, surpliced choristers, acolytes, and scholars of the parish schools; the unofficial celebrants, thousands of men chanting the litany, bandsmen from neighboring towns and villages, with probably three hundred or more instruments, some companies of firemen, a hermit, and upward of ten thousand pilgrims of both sexes and all ages, who dance in the procession.

This company, with a great crowd of sight-seers, is controlled, more or less, by a police force consisting of a couple of dozen of gendarmes, a forester, and half a score of constables. Treading close upon each other's heels, the pilgrims shuffle forward as the priests chant the litany of St. Willibrod; then the musicians strike up the dance tune and the crowd surges forward and backward

until the priests reach some other point connected by tradition with the saint, when the litany is repeated; so, alternating between a religious chant and a rollicking melody—the one too often jarring upon the other as various parts of the procession near the different relics—the strange progress is made. Than this modern scene there is nothing that brings more vividly to the imagination the pageants of Mediaeval days.

WIRT GERRARE.

## A Grand Carnival in the Rockies.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colorado, has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and its fourth annual flower carnival. It took the people of this cloud-height city one week, from August 3d to 9th, to properly commemorate and celebrate these two important events.

The gala-week was started by a pioneers' meeting. The addresses gave in outline the history of the Pike's Peak region from the early days to the present, through papers read by the Hon. Irving Howbert, General William J. Palmer, Professor W. F. Slocum, Dr. W. A. Bell, and Senator Casimiro Barela. The other attractions of the week were a horse show—the very first given west of Chicago—and following it came a Wild West show, conducted by "Arizona Charley," the Indian fighter and government scout. Dances were held nightly at the Broadmoor Casino by Indians from the tribes of the Tonto, Yuma, Navajo, Apache, Mohave, Ute, and Shoshone.

A battalion of the Seventh Infantry and a troop of the Second Cavalry from Fort Logan, with the band, formed a marked attraction from a standpoint of drilling and manoeuvring. The presence of two score señors, señoras, and señoritas from southern Colorado carried one back to the very early days of the Centennial State.

All had gathered to add to the week's attraction, and to meet and join in the great carnival-day parade and its "battle of flowers," held August 7th. The line of parade was represented for two miles by a wonderful display of gorgeously decorated traps, ranging from the tally-ho and ultra drag, concealed in a robe of roses, to the old prairie schooner and burro cart, covered with the wildsun-flower.

Like all carnivals, this one at Colorado Springs has developed from a crude, spontaneous and semi-informal parade to an elaborate, expensive, up-to-date display, which to-day

bids fair to outrival the *fêtes* held at Santa Barbara, Newport, and those held in the White Mountains.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

## Saratoga's Floral Fête.

THE third annual *fête* of the Saratoga Floral Association was a great success. Wind and weather favored it, and the crowd that did duty at the parade, and again in the evening at the grand floral ball in Convention Hall, was the largest single-day crowd Saratoga has ever had.

Primarily a local affair, the regular Saratoga forces were strengthened by a large out-of-town re-enforcement. The bicycle parade headed the line, and was the most gorgeous parade of its kind ever witnessed. The wheels were beautifully and wonderfully decorated. One that attracted the most spontaneous burst of applause all along the line was a tandem built to represent a miniature steam-launch. The first prize, however, was captured by Miss Augusta Gage, the only daughter of Mr. Gage, of the United States Hotel. Her wheel was simply decorated in pale pink asters. She wore a frock of white duck of sailor cut, the deep collar outlined with pale pink, and the same delicate shade of pink showing at the throat and wrists. It was her beauty and graceful riding that won her the prize. Mrs. Harry M. Livingston, Jr., and Mrs. W. H. Hodgman marshaled the local division of wheelwomen. Their frocks, and those of the entire battalion, were of white duck, with military pockets of blue and red cloth, heavily braided in black and gold.

In the children's division "Baby" McKee and his sister, Mary McKee, were among the notably best riders. Bishop John P. Newman and Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler led the parade in a gorgeously decorated landau. The feature of the *fête* was the splendid original ballet, "Arcticiana," arranged by Mr. M. S. Frothingham, of New York. This preceded general dancing at the ball in the evening and was witnessed by over seven thousand people. There were one hundred and fifty dancers in the ballet. The electrical effects and the costumes were magnificent. Altogether the floral *fête* this year was far and away ahead of any preceding event of its kind, and the general verdict is, "may never be surpassed."

JEAN PARDEE.

## The Highest Office— Building in the World.

THE high buildings of our great cities, and particularly of New York, are constantly giving more and more justification to the term "sky-scraper." The structures which were marvels for their skyward reach ten, or



even five, years ago, now stand dwarfed, mere pigmies in comparison to their gigantic neighbors. Year by year the buildings have grown, until 1896 sees in New York City the highest office-structure in the world. It stands on the site of the old home of the New York Herald, on the corner of Ann Street and Park Row, and is called the St. Paul building. Its height is three hundred and thirty-seven feet, and the top story is the twenty-fifth. A fine balcony will surround it near the roof, and from it and from the great windows of the offices on the upper floors a most impressive panoramic view of the city and its environments is presented to the eye. Far to the south, beyond the bay, and beyond the Narrows, and over miles of ocean, loom up the heights of Navesink. Looking west, the majestic Hudson, a broad highway that disappears among the hills in the north, lies at your feet, and across it in the distance the eye rests upon the blue outlines of the Orange Mountains. To the north, Broadway, filled with seething life and movement, stretches away into the heart of the city, until the view is cut off by Grace Church, which seems to stand at the head of the street. On either hand, and over the East River, spanned by the noble Brooklyn Bridge, is a sea of roofs; and almost directly at your feet you look far down upon the Astor House and the post-office; even the spire of old Trinity does not reach your altitude.

There is no doubt that when the St. Paul building is completed, at about the beginning

of next year, its roof will be the favorite resort of visitors in quest of a bird's-eye view of Greater New York. But its pre-eminence may not be continued long—only until another giant structure rises up and towers above it.

Our illustrations give an idea of the hazards taken by workmen employed on high buildings. A common method of reaching the top or bottom is to ride on the apparatus which is used for hoisting material. The men think nothing of swinging out on a platform two feet wide at a height from which the people in the street below seem to have hardly more than an inch of stature.

Until the erection of the St. Paul building the Masonic Temple in Chicago was the highest office-building in the world. Chicago was the original home of the "sky-scraper," but its day there is passed, at least for the present, because the Illinois Legislature has enacted a law prohibiting the construction of any building over twelve stories or one hundred and thirty feet in height.

J. H. WELCH.



## "Rosemary."

EXQUISITE!

That is the only adjective one can apply to "Rosemary," the new comedy at the Empire, just as "sweet" and "dainty" are the most fitting ones to apply to Maud Adams, who plays the part of *Dorothy*. If our managers would produce more "Rosemarys" perhaps they would have less cause to complain about bad business.

The chief charm of the play lies in its simplicity and in the purity of its atmosphere. Of late years theatre-goers have been so surfeited and wearied with problem plays and their impure heroines that the conspicuous absence in this piece of anything of the kind is exceedingly welcome. Not, by any means, that it is a namby-pamby play. It is an exquisite little love-story, admirably told by the dramatists, and, in the main, well acted by the interpreters.

The success of a play like "Rosemary" points to a healthy reaction. Ibsen, Strindberg, Sudermann, Praga, Maeterlinck, and other European dramatists of the so-called "new" school may be right, from their point of view, when they declare that the mission of the stage is to reflect humanity. But their point of view is a mistaken one. Ibsen and his disciples see only what is miserable and rotten in life; they do not see the virtue, the joy, the hope, the sunshine.

We are not all pessimists. The world is still young, and the majority of men and women are healthy-minded. Nordau's degenerates are only to be met with in the great centres. We are interested in Ibsen's "Ghosts" just as we should be in a hospital dissecting-room. The horrible always exercises a certain irresistible fascination, and these mentally diseased characters interest us as types. But such plays never afford us the same kind of enjoyment as a play like "Rosemary" does, for they cannot touch our hearts as this play does. And it is a good sign to see such plays succeed, for they help more than anything else to preserve the stage from decadence, and the art of acting from disappearing altogether.

The action of "Rosemary" takes place early this century, when the young girls wore ringlets instead of Psyche knots, when there were no "new" women and no bicycle girls. *Dorothy Cruikshank* elopes with *William Westwood*, and their post-chaise breaks down in front of *Sir Jasper Thorndyke's* country house. *Dorothy* is pretty as a picture and also a bit of a flirt, and *Sir Jasper*, a man of forty-five, falls desperately in love. *Dorothy* loves her *William*, but she thinks *Sir Jasper* is very nice, too, and so permits him to pay her a great deal of attention, to the mortification and anger of her fiancé. *Sir Jasper*, however, soon comes to his senses. He recognizes the wrong he is doing to both young people, and although he has grown to love *Dorothy* as, he says, only men of mature age can love, he goes away. As he says good-bye to *Dorothy* she gives him a sprig of rosemary "that's for remembrance." Fifty years pass. *Dorothy* and her *William* have been killed in the Indian mutiny. *Sir Jasper*, now an old man of ninety, returns to the scene of his leaving-taking with the young girl he loved, and through the mist of years conjures up the old romance. Then the curtain falls.

The last act is entirely superfluous, and probably will only be retained here in order to allow Mr. Drew to show himself as an old man. It was retained in London by Charles Wyndham on that account. The play really ends at the close of the third act, when *Sir Jasper* and *Dorothy* separate, and the epilogue, in my mind, spoils an otherwise perfect play.

John Drew's performance agreeably disappointed those who thought he would be very bad. He is, indeed, far from the ideal *Sir*



Jasper. He is not a Charles Wyndham, but then there are very few Wyndhams. Mr. Drew was not convincing in his emotional scenes, and at all times lacked sincerity; but, on the whole, his interpretation was better than his previous performances led one to expect. For once he managed to appear like some one else than John Drew.

Maud Adams was perfect as Dorothy. It would be impossible to imagine a better performance of the part than she gave. She was delightfully natural, and did not step out of the picture once. This will be remembered as some of the best work she has ever done.

Arthur Byron was stiff and unsympathetic as William, but Daniel Harkins was capital as an old-fashioned professor. Ethel Barrymore, the daughter of Maurice Barrymore, made a hit in a servant's part. ARTHUR HORNBLow.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Championship Polo at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

POLO on ponies for national championship honors was tried the latter part of September last year for the first time and proved an unqualified success. The idea of having a scratch tournament to decide which was the strongest team in the country was the outcome of the very unsettled feeling among polo enthusiasts, when the season's play of handicap games had closed, as to the actual capabilities of different teams playing on even terms.

The idea was no sooner suggested in order to settle these uncertainties than it was taken up by polo men and a tournament arranged, while William Waldorf Astor at once came to the fore with the donation of a very costly and beautiful gold cup as a perpetual trophy, to be held for a year only by the winning team.

The matches were played on the unsurpassed parade-grounds of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the Myopia Hunt Club team, of Boston, by defeating the Rockaway (Long Island) team, became the first holders of the cup, besides gaining permanent possession of individual cups offered by the Polo Association of America.

This year the annual tournament began on Tuesday, September 1st, and although the match was a handicap affair, the first in the series for teams of four, the individual handicap of any player not to exceed five goals, the attendance during the play ranged between eight and fifteen thousand people.

On Wednesday, September 2d, the second match in the series took place, and more than fifteen thousand people looked on.

This great attendance for such unimportant games—all the crack players being barred on account of the small handicap—indicates that a multitude, equal to a foot-ball crowd, will turn out for the championship matches during the present week.

But the causes of such large gatherings may be easily traced. First, the games are open to the public free of charge. Secondly, the game of polo on ponies is most spirited and fascinating, contains the elements of great danger to players, and is chock full of blood-warming incidents and wild-cat play—something the public craves. Thirdly, as all the regular games of the season are played on private grounds and for the most part in the country, the people at large have little chance to see any of the games.

On Tuesday the teams of the Buffalo Country Club of Buffalo, New York, and the Country Club of Philadelphia met. The former conceded two goals by handicap, but won rather easily by twenty goals to ten.

The team play of the Western men was much in evidence, and was an indication that American polo-players were beginning to appreciate the enormous advantage of playing in unison, one player for the other and all for the team, rather than each player for himself and the team be hanged.

On Wednesday the second team of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club defeated that of the Morris County club by fourteen goals to three and three-quarters.

The fraction in the latter score occurs in this way: By actual count Morris County scored five goals during the three periods of play. But having scored three safeties (made in the same manner as in foot-ball), they were penalized three-quarters of a goal, or one-quarter goal for each. Then Flinsch committed a foul by interfering with an opponent, Eustis, which resulted in knocking down the latter's pony. For this a penalty of a one-half goal was incurred. Adding the penalties, we have one and one-quarter goals, which, subtracted from the actual count of five goals, gives three and three-quarters.

#### THE TRAINING OF POLO PONIES.

In view of the very general interest taken in

the polo games in Brooklyn, something concerning the training of ponies may not be out of place.

Mr. J. Moray Brown, the high priest of English polo, furnishes this recipe for breaking a pony to stick and ball, with the end in view of making him enjoy the sport, entering into the spirit of the play quite as much as his master: "Have a couple of sticks hung up in a pony's loose box and place a ball in his manger. If you watch him you will probably note that he will sniff at them; in fact, they will eventually become to him as toys, and he will disconnect them with all ideas of harm. When you go into his box to give him an apple or a carrot, take a stick with you, let him see it in your hand, and move it about in front of his head; repeat this when you get on his back, swinging the stick on each side of his head until he takes no notice of it. Then begin to hit the ball off his back."

There are other practices adopted by English trainers of the polo pony, such as throwing a soft, white India-rubber ball the size of a polo-ball at ponies when in pasture, and continuing to do so until, having learned that it does not hurt them, they cease to shy at it—in fact, take it as a matter of course and go about their business unconcerned. In winter, trainers send them regularly to near-by towns, instructing riders to steer them gently in and about the crowd, in order to accustom them to meeting objects.

#### A SURPRISE AT GOLF.

An event in the world of golf, the week just passed, was the defeat, on the Newport links, of Tyng and Toler by two aspiring youths of the name of Havemeyer.

Victory was won on the second round, when a defeat after nine holes had been played looked to be a certainty.

The play of the boys during this latter round was simply marvelous, and the professional, Davis, characterized some of the shots as equal to the best he had ever seen.

The winners are sons of Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, president of the Newport Golf Club. They are considered as highly promising, and, taking their clean-cut work in conjunction with the good play of many of the younger generation whenever the game is played, it is evident that the American standard of amateur play at golf is sure of a steady rise to the English level, and in a very few years at that.

To-day English amateurs of the first class are undoubtedly holes better than our best American players; but the rapid growth of the game, together with the rapid way in which the younger element catch on to the play, augurs exceedingly well for the future.

#### ROCKS AHEAD FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

Recently twenty odd candidates for the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball team passed through New York on their way to a country resort on Long Island for training and preliminary practice.

Accompanying this squad were Trainer Mike Murphy, Coach Woodruff, and a small army of rubbers, cooks, and attendants.

It is proposed by Coach Woodruff to return to Philadelphia during the last week of September.

Now these facts have come to the attention of the officials of the Amateur Athletic Union and, according to report, the union will proceed to disqualify these Quaker foot-ball men.

The justice of such wholesale disqualification is found in the following resolution adopted by the union in 1895: "That it is the sense of this meeting that the training-table be abolished, and also the payment of exorbitant traveling expenses; and it is also the sense of this meeting that an athlete who has no visible means of support is not an amateur, and that the chair appoint a committee of three to formulate such amendments as will cover the above-mentioned cases."

Of course the foot-ball association of the Pennsylvania college will pay all the bills incurred during the stay of the team on Long Island, and that these bills will be heavy no one will doubt, from the fact that only the best of food is served to foot-ball men, and such extras as Bass's ale are dealt out frequently.

But the Pennsylvania foot-ball men are out for all there is in the game. They want to play a better and stronger game than they did last year. They want to lead all other teams, and all this means work. To attain this end no expense can nor will be spared. In attaining this end the opinion is advanced that they will laugh at the contemplated efforts of the Amateur Athletic Union.

It will be a long while before the Amateur Athletic Union will gain the necessary power to control college men, and in particular do away with the training-table.

*W.T. Bull.*

### The Famous Macy's.

THE opening of another immense building as an annex to the famous stores of R. H. Macy & Co., of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, marks a new step in the rise and progress of that firm. Long known as the pioneers of the popular-price system, they have persistently maintained their position as leaders, and this step is evidence of their determination to remain at the head. The story of the growth of this firm is an epitome of the history of the great Sixth Avenue shopping centre, of which Macy's can be accurately described as the point of greatest interest.

In its gradual extension of quarters, building by building, to include the entire block from Thirteenth to Fourteenth Street, the firm kept pace with the expansion of trade on the avenue in the days before the development of the elevated railroad traffic made itself fully felt. In the giant stride that took in the immense nine-story Thirteenth Street building, the firm showed an alert grasp upon the changed and booming conditions that followed, when the elevated railroad's throngs of passengers poured into Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and made them the great arteries of the city's retail trade. The mammoth establishment formed by the combination of all these growths acted as an anchor to hold the shopping centre from moving up town, and was the main factor in preventing a repetition of that transition in trade that many New-Yorkers can remember as having in times past touched at and moved on from lower Broadway, from Grand Street, and from Broadway and Ninth Street.

As an accompaniment to this great expansion of facilities came an accession of business, and it was not long before this aggregation of spacious salesrooms was all too small. New building became necessary; but to build upward, despite the fact that the location furnishes a magnificent site for a modern sky-scraping structure, was calculated to inconvenience and incommode the customers. With characteristic boldness and enterprise, the firm decided upon jumping Fourteenth Street and erecting a separate building. There the operations were conducted without the slightest interruption to the business of the store. There the public will be invited, in a few days, to visit commodious, complete, and fully-equipped quarters for the several lines of business that are to be transferred from the main store to the annex. Macy's customers will be doubly the gainers in this, by reason of the fact that the lines remaining on sale in the main building will also get increased room and facilities by this change.

The new building is at 53, 55, and 57 West Fourteenth Street, running through to Fifteenth Street. It is directly across the way from the entrance to the main store. The new six-story structure is admirably planned and built to give airy and light salesrooms. In overflowing the limits of a block, in this way, Macy's has broken the record for remarkable growth. A store whose necessities in the direction of salesrooms require quarters running from Thirteenth to Fifteenth Streets is a marvel even in these wonder-working days.

The lines of business that will be accommodated in the annex are chiefly Men's, Youths' and Boys' goods. They include men's clothing, shoes, hats, caps, hosiery, underwear, gloves, etc., bicycles, bicycle sundries, sporting goods and fishing-tackle, harness, saddlery and horse goods. Furniture will also be sold on the third floor of the annex. A new feature in the shopping district is a smoking-room, where the men can meet, or wait, and enjoy the same measure of comfort that the gentler sex has long enjoyed in the elegant ladies' parlor in the main building.

The illustrations on page 189 show interesting phases of the business of the great store. The interior views are familiar to all who know Macy's, and that includes everybody. The open-air glimpse is not so well known, even to the frequenters of the store. The busy scene depicted is enacted only twice a day, and many of the visitors to Macy's come and go without ever seeing this very effective demonstration of the extent of the business done. The host of delivery wagons, only a part of which are seen in the picture, numbers nearly one hundred, and the system of delivery is so complete that the red and yellow wagons with the red star are well known throughout the whole of the metropolitan district. This summer even this comprehensive system was increased by additional daily deliveries in Macy's own wagons along the New Jersey coast from Atlantic Highlands to Ocean Grove, and on Long Island from Rockaway Park to Cedarhurst.

Pages could be written about the interesting features of the remarkable business, but much of it everybody knows all about. Everybody knows that Macy's enjoys the unique distinction of buying and selling for cash only. Everybody knows that no prices are so low as Macy's. Everybody knows that exchanges and refunds

on goods mistakenly bought, or which do not prove entirely satisfactory, are nowhere else made more cheerfully and promptly than at Macy's.

Everybody ought also to know that Macy's has its own porcelain works in Carlsbad, Bohemia; its own pottery in Rudolstadt, Thuringia; its own china factory in Limoges, France; its own glassware factory in Steinshonau, Bohemia; its own linen factory in Belfast, Ireland; its own handkerchief house in St. Gall, Switzerland; its own designers in Paris; its own ladies'-underwear, silk-waist and skirt factories, in 97 Bank Street, New York, in Middlebrook Street, Brooklyn, and in New Haven; its own glass-cutting factory on the premises; its own chemical laboratory at 799 Greenwich Street; its own harness factory in New York; its own cigar factory at 185 Sixth Avenue; its own shirt factory in Poughkeepsie, and its own bicycle factory in Paterson, New Jersey.

Everybody must know the logical effect of all this upon prices. No other retail house in the world has factories of its own like these.

### Commercial Art.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, August 20th, 1896.—The managing partner of the most famous advertising firm in the world presents, to the superficial judgment, some apparently contradictory characteristics. It might naturally be assumed that the interviewer would have long ago become a common object to the man who has passed at least a quarter of a century of his life most prominently before the business world. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. T. J. Barratt cordially dislikes advertising himself personally, and differentiates consistently between *Pears' Soap* as the article and T. J. Barratt, the managing member of the great firm of A. & F. Pears.

After a series of letters exchanged with his secretaries, I finally met the distinguished gentleman, and in spite of numerous details awaiting his attention, he gave me a hearty welcome. "Some people," said Mr. Barratt, "blame me for being too luxurious in my offices, but I pass the greater part of my life in these rooms, and I do not see any reason why I should not indulge myself by having around me things that make life pleasant and delightful. I have no sympathy with the man who alternates between a dingy and sordid-looking office and an artistic home. I try to establish an average."

It was a keen intellect which gave utterance to these words. The general outward appearance of the man presents a typical English merchant—plain, shrewd, and to the point, without ostentation or ceremony. His mind's eye has it all defined and sketched as a plan ready before him. He deliberates maturely, resolves on prompt action, and remains unchangeable. In the present case this most clever of commercial strategists has not depended on "chance" or "favorable opportunity." His calculations are based on cold facts and irrefutable reason. He is a keen student of current history, a clever mathematician, and strips all available ideas of extraneous arguments. The result is what he desires, and having stamped the name of Pears' Soap on the commercial map of the world, he sits in the most luxurious commercial building in London and speaks his mind freely to those whom he favors with a personal reception. To my question if there had not been some talk, a while back, of this business being made into a company, he said: "Yes, we were offered five million dollars in cash for it by a syndicate who evidently intended to float the stock for considerable more than that, as promoters usually do, and bag the profits. We declined. *Pears' Soap* does not want the introduction even of a Rothschild. It stands on its acknowledged merits." C. FRANK DEWEY.

**ROYAL**  
  
**BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.





A BAND OF FAIRIES.



GENERAL W. J. PALMER, FOUNDER OF COLORADO SPRINGS.



FIRST PRIZE WINNER—RUSSIAN TEAM, OWNED BY JUDGE EDWIN WALKER.



THE COWBOYS.

FOURTH ANNUAL FLOWER CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. S. POLEY.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



MISS BERTHA COLEMAN, A SNOWFLAKE IN THE "ARCTICIANIA."



"BABY MCKEE."

MARY MCKEE.



MISS AUGUSTA GAGE, FIRST PRIZE WINNER.



MRS. H. M. LIVINGSTON, JR., A MARSHAL.



MISS BERTHA COZZENS, A FROST-MAIDEN, IN THE "ARCTICIANIA" DANCE.



MRS. W. H. HODGMAN, ONE OF THE MARSHALS.

THE RECENT FLORAL FÊTE AND FANCY-DRESS BALL AT SARATOGA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY EPPLER & ARNOLD.—[SEE PAGE 186.]  
Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.





INTERIOR GLIMPSE. MAIN FLOOR.



LOADING DELIVERY WAGONS, THIRTEENTH STREET SIDE.



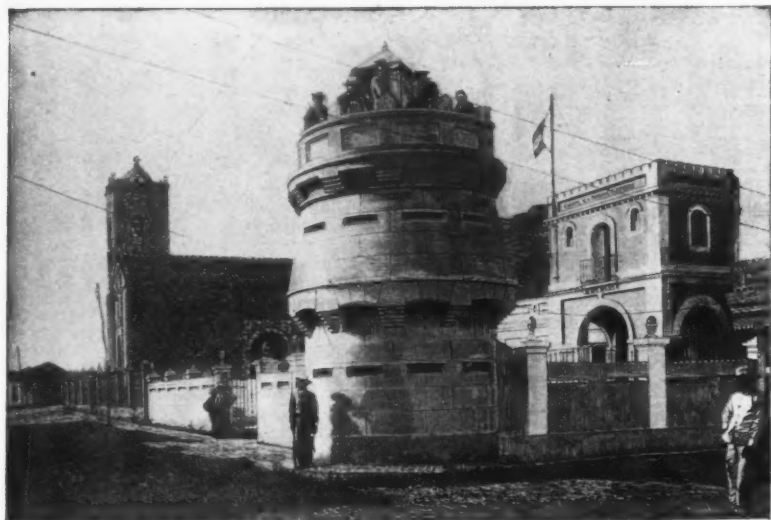
LOADING DELIVERY WAGONS, SIXTH AVENUE SIDE.



MACY'S NEW ANNEX.

THE FAMOUS MACY'S.  
[SEE PAGE 187.]





THE REBELLION IN CUBA—THE DISTRICT OF THE CITY GUARD IN SANTA CLARA, LATELY FORTIFIED.—*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*.



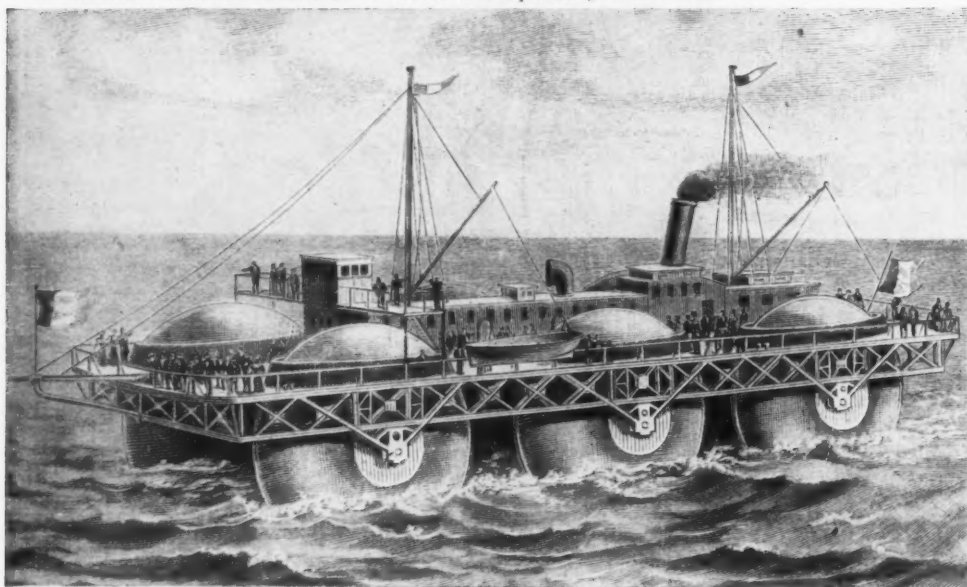
THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT OF TARRAGONA.—*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*.



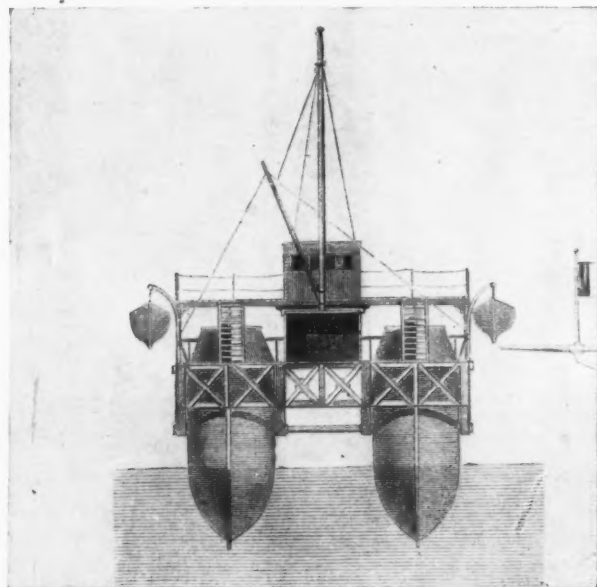
THE WAR IN CUBA—PART OF THE COLUMN FONDEVIELA, REPULSED FROM FORRAJEAR IN A LATE ENGAGEMENT.—*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*.



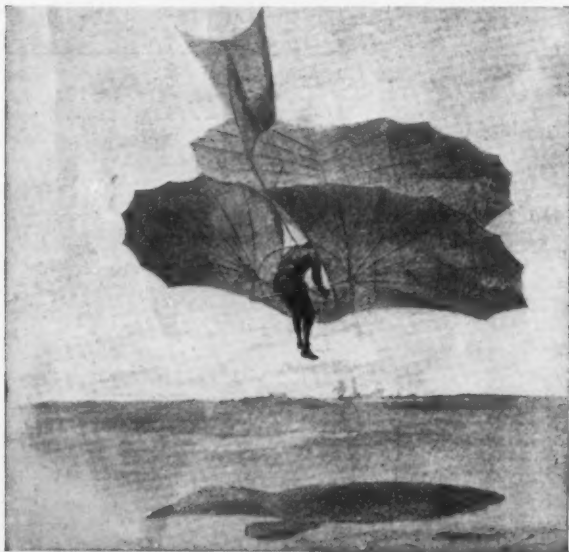
CAPTURING ELEPHANTS IN SIAM.—*L'Illustration*.



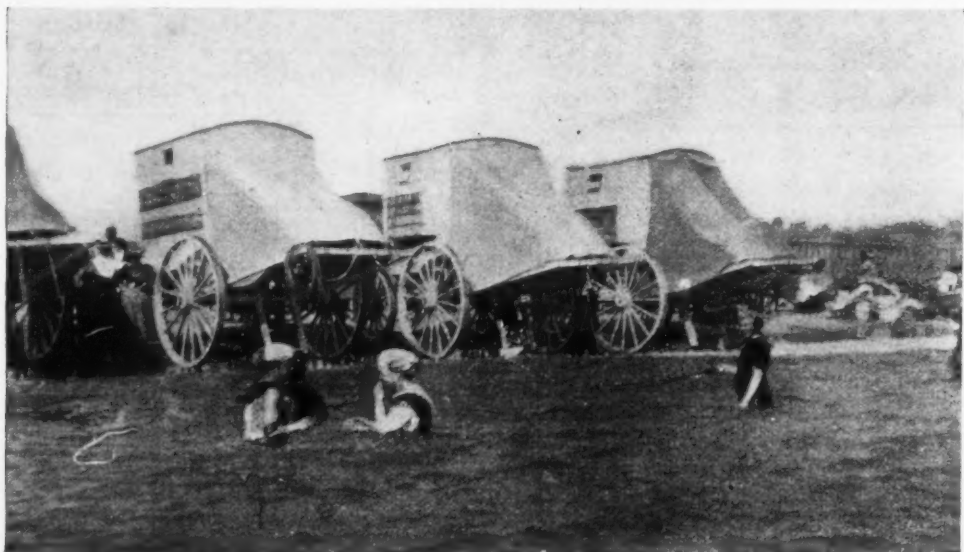
A BOAT ON WHEELS, RECENTLY LAUNCHED IN FRANCE, WHICH MAKES TWENTY KNOTS AN HOUR.  
*L'Illustration*.



FRONT VIEW OF THE BOAT ON WHEELS.—*L'Illustration*.



THE FLYING-MACHINE OF OTTO LILIENTHAL, WHO WAS KILLED WHILE MAKING AN ASCENSION.—*Le Monde Illustré*.



HOW THE ENGLISH BATHE—"BATHING-MACHINES" AT YARMOUTH.—*St. Paul's*.



# ENVY.

"How beautifully it pumps!" said the professional interviewer, gazing admiringly at the mosquito.—*Judge.*

## AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

The firm of Sohmer & Co. give a written guarantee to every purchaser of a piano of their make, that if the instrument does not give entire satisfaction, and is not in every way as represented, they will take it back and refund the money. The firm has never been compelled to take back an instrument, which speaks volumes for their excellence and high rank.

Don't leave all the work to your stomach. A spoonful of Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters before meals aids digestion. Druggists and dealers.

FLOATING-BORAX is now the only pure floating soap made. Be sure Dobbins's Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, is on every wrapper and cake. Ask your grocer for it. Red wrappers. No chapped hands with Dobbins's Floating-Borax.

You know Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Don't be deceived.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.



**NO. 4711. COLOGNE**

is the standard in America as well as in Europe because of its delightful fragrance and delicacy.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MÜLHENS & KNOFF, NEW YORK. U.S. AGENTS.



**BROWN'S French Dressing**

For Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes

Ask your dealer for Brown's French Dressing and accept no other.



**PABST MILWAUKEE**

The Operation after the surgeon—the knife—comes slow recovery. Get well and strong by using **Pabst Malt Extract** The "Best" Tonic

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."  
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

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The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by  
**S. RAE & CO.,**  
Established 1836. Leghorn, Italy.



You can injure the skin by use of harsh soaps—This soap is gentle, purifying, healing and sweetening to the skin, and has the cleaning properties which bring the glow of health.

**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP**  
(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.



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**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. (L. W.),**  
31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P.O. Box 289.

Within the reach of all.

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**THE INTER-STATE**

Casualty Company of New York gives **SIX MONTHS' insurance, \$1,000 for \$1.00,** to Men or Women

between 18 and 60 years of age, against accidental death. \$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of New York for the security of the insured.

For Sale at  
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AND BETWEEN

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ARE THE BEST.

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that feeling of invigoration and contentment is heightened by drinking a glass of

## ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

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the food drink. It is simply the pure and palatable nutriment of malt and hops. It is a vitalizer, a flesh builder and a strength giver—an invaluable addition to every family medicine chest. Nothing is so good for nursing mothers and invalids.

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Prepared by **ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N,**  
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Send for handsomely colored booklets and other reading matter.

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A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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Sold by all Druggists.

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**OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS**  
AND Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. **DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.**

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"HELLO, baby! I see you."

"Well, show yer hand an' let's see wot yer got."

**Rambler**  
Jewelry  
Catalogues on application.  
**GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,**  
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**YOU CAN SEE CLEARLY**  
THE SUPERIORITY OF  
THE **CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN**  
RAILWAY  
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**LAIT ANTÉPHELIQUE**  
or Candès milk  
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**MIXTURE**  
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succeeded, over thirty years ago, under his direction, in making this product so perfect as to secure his endorsement and the right to use his signature on every jar.  
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